

TOC H JOURNAL

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THE PRAYER OF OUR RE-BIRTH

All members who heard TUBBY's sermon at All Hallows on the Sunday evening of the Festival, June 7, as well as thousands who did not hear it, will be glad indeed to possess it in print. Here it is.

THE Toc H prayer, as we have come to call it, is known by heart almost through the Family. I think it must now be said by 20,000 persons day by day. On the Wednesday before the Festival, when upwards of a hundred Londoners kept kneeling through the night in small squads and reliefs, we said it each half hour. This prayer is now my text, and I am going to try and say some simple things about it.

First, of its origin. The prayer came straight into Toc H from Knutsford. It was the Knutsford prayer in the beginning, written, I think, by Sykes, now Vicar of Whitby, and said by every student in the old prison. I brought it thence to London in November, 1919, having got used to it. I altered it a bit to fit Toc H; soon it became quite common. Among the chief alterations were such added phrases as "Leaping with joy to any task for others," which came (I think) from a little body of Franciscan women working at Woolwich.* I came across their work through my old Vicar, Dr. Garbett, now Bishop of Southwark. This phrase was in their code.

The other phrases, which were the first Four Points, I myself added. But the beginning and the end of the prayer belonged as they stand to Sykes and Knutsford. I want you to remember this as a fact of history. Toc H was first spread provincially by student volunteers from Knutsford going about the country two and two, most of them walking, one pair with a donkey, others on bicycles. They did not then succeed in building Groups and Branches; it was too early days. The thing they did was none the less vital as preparation; when they reached a village, they looked in at the village school, saw the schoolmaster. They then called on the doctor and the parson. They lingered in the village shop, they talked to men at work, and they promised to come back and hold a meeting after a week or so. These meetings were the very beginnings of Toc H as a Movement. They were all amateurs, poor and eager. They said the school form of the prayer every day together on their travels.

Some of the best of these men, having outlived the war, did not live on to achieve their ambition of taking Orders. Some real saints among them, like Joyce

* This phrase is a far echo of the joy of the first Christians, in the Epistles to Diognetus.

and Brewer, died suddenly during the next few years from unexpected strain.† While, therefore, the Toc H prayer was never said in Talbot House in Poperinghe, it is the prayer of our re-birth. It links us with these men, who having had the joy of coming home made up their minds to give their lives to God. Then God stooped down and took their lives to Himself: "God never plucks a flower to throw away."

Since then, year by year, if you could see Toc H as I have seen it, you would know that again and again this has happened suddenly with some of our most unspareable men. It does not need a war to take away our best. The prayer is therefore one which not only ascends from thousands of men each night all over the world; it is familiar already in the heavenly places.

In a Prison and in a Great Liner

Now for the things it says. The *first* big phrase originally ran:—

"O God, Who has so wonderfully made the School, and set men in it . . ."

That is how Knutsford said it in those early days. I want you to remember that the prayer was written for the most part for men hoping to be ordained, but it has much in it also for the rejected candidates. "Rejected" did not mean at Knutsford what it ordinarily means. It did not mean that they were less good Christians; it simply signified that they could not get through examinations and take degrees. They were better fitted to serve God in other ways.

Some of these ways were harder than the Ministry. I remember one of these rejected men who was a boiler maker in Liverpool. He had come through the war, badly crippled; and when we found that his education could not be adequate, we had to send him back to try to find work at his old trade in Liverpool. Eventually he found it. One week-end he came back to Knutsford and told us (as a matter of course) that he had discovered a church where it was possible for him, as at Knutsford, to keep his habit of being at the Sacrament day by day. This meant a very early start, since work began at 7 a.m. He was working between the great ship's linings, with the noise of the pneumatic riveter all day long close to him. One day, at 12 o'clock when the men stopped for their dinner-hour, he stopped behind to try, according to this habit, to say his midday prayers.

While he was doing this, another man came to him. He was used by now to being interrupted, sometimes to being jeered at. This fellow-workman however did something different. He joined him in his prayer. When the old student came to Knutsford, he told us quite simply he would always remember this other man having come. How had he come? He had met our man's gang going off duty. They were complete strangers, but the stranger had asked them courageously: "Are there any Christians about? I want to pray a bit with someone." They laughed, and told him he would find one of his sort down below. So they came together, these two men, almost in the dark between the linings of that great ship; and said, among much else, the Toc H prayer. One was an earnest Anglo-Catholic, broken at heart at not being ordained to do the work he longed for; the other a true Methodist, sent to comfort him.

† Joyce I buried in a cemetery below the Crystal Palace in 1921. I little thought of the Crystal Palace being our scene in 1931.

Then there comes the phrase "*Teach us to live together. . . .*" Only a small proportion of Toc H, the men in Marks, the hostellers, actually live together. But these words cover every kind of neighbourliness. Men in Toc H should at least want to get together often, not just to meet when summoned. Training week-ends, and camps of various kinds, are all of them opportunities of living together for a bit. Men who reject them have not prayed this phrase intelligently.

If you are interested in the English language you know that lots of words have lost their meaning; "*charity*" once meant love. To-day it seems to mean an Irish lottery! "*Undertaker*" once meant somebody who undertook to do all kinds of things; to-day it means a funeral-furnisher. No word has altered more than "*conversation*," which once meant all your life among your fellows; to-day it means just talking. So in the Toc H prayer when we say "*Teach us to live together in Love and Joy and Peace*," we really mean that we are asking God to bring us close together as a Family, and to make us know each other thoroughly, not just by name or nickname, each happier because the other is alongside.

Some of us are like Jacob; some like Esau. Some of us are smooth men, and some are rough. I wish there were more Esaus in Toc H. There would be more, if Jacob treated them fairly; if the smooth men would only have more patience. When you call a man a "rough diamond," you really mean that here is a real stone that is quite uncut as yet, and when you look at it to start with it does not shine at all; and then if you throw it down, it never shines. But if you take it, and turn it round in your hand, suddenly it will sparkle.

Toc H **must** try to capture untamed men. Most of us think that hunting carted deer, or shooting hand-fed pheasants, is a poor parody of sportsmanship. The hounds of heaven are surely disappointed when they are only released to run down hares and rabbits. Their quarry must be worth their quality. Go for the man who is difficult and obdurate. He is the man God needs.

After "*Love and Joy and Peace*"—I like to think of these as the three characteristics of the Trinity*—there come three other things which fit in with these three. They are the three great ways of finding them.

Before you can love you **must** learn "*to check bitterness*." One of the best men that I know in Toc H was bitterness itself when he came into it. We all know other cases.

"To Disown Discouragement"

If you want joy, you **must** "*disown discouragement*." At a Darby and Joan party recently we heard of a member's small son who practised this art to perfection. A holiday was given from school for an outing to the country. It poured all day, and everyone got wet. At night this very junior member, aged about six, said unexpectedly in his bedtime prayers: "Thank you, dear God, for making it rain on my birthday, so that I could wear my nice new mackintosh."

* "*His love*" (John 15.9). "*This my joy*" (John 3.29). "*Peace I leave with you*" (John 14.27).

A Lesson of Earthquake and Disease

We are to "*leap with joy to any task for others.*" Underline the joy, the word most characteristic of the New Testament. Have you heard of the way in which our members in the New Zealand earthquake said: "Now at last we have got something worth doing" and did it full of joy? Here is a note from Wellington Toc H, New Zealand, Jobmaster's report: "We painted a widow's house. It looked like Joseph's coat when we had finished." Have you heard of the unnamed Group in India who carried the infectious smallpox coffin when no one else would touch it? This is Toc H triumphant. They prayed their prayer; then the chance came along, and they were armed to meet it.

In the last clause we pray that God will "*strengthen the good thing thus begun.*" That is now nearly 16 years ago, and it is still beginning; not only in new units, even its oldest units are but children learning to walk. They stumble, fall, get up, stumble and fall again. The point is they are strong enough to stand the process pluckily, and some of them court it. One of the oldest Melbourne units, Fitzroy, agreed they were too happy and contented after five years of glorious work together; such work as very few Branches have achieved. They broke up, handed back their Lamp, never to meet again, and every member went off to his own district of that great city to build a Group by himself. Wasn't this gallant? Wasn't it high-hearted?

The next words are those words, that "*with gallant and high-hearted happiness we may work for Thy Kingdom in the wills of men.*" The Kingdom does go forward. How can we judge that fact? Why we are going forward, if every step is now steeper. Those choosing future members, and those assigning jobs, should both remember this very simple fact. That progress heightens standards; and what was good enough for Toc H last year need not be good enough for Toc H next year. We **must** be discontented with our performances; for without discontent there is stagnation, and since Toc H is in the **last** resort the building up of character, at the final stages of its formative period—for few men change after they are 25—the spirit of ambition to perfection must work in us all through.

The Challenge of Perfection

A dear old learned friend, whom I have known since childhood, told me the other day that during his long illness he had been re-reading the New Testament in Greek. "Nothing," he said, "impresses me more about the New Testament than that its standard is a challenge to perfection. It does not say like modern moralists, 'You will of course get drunk from time to time, and thus express what it would be absurd for you to repress with severity.' The Gospels rather say, 'Be ye perfect, even as My Father in heaven is perfect.'"

There is another saying of the Lord, a fragment found elsewhere, at Oxyrinchus, it says: "Let him that seeketh, cease not until he find." Think how the men who toiled to find those fragments in the Egyptian dust-heaps felt when they read those words!

Here is a final word from Wesley: "God is omnipotently near."

TUBBY.

VICTORIOUS DEFEAT

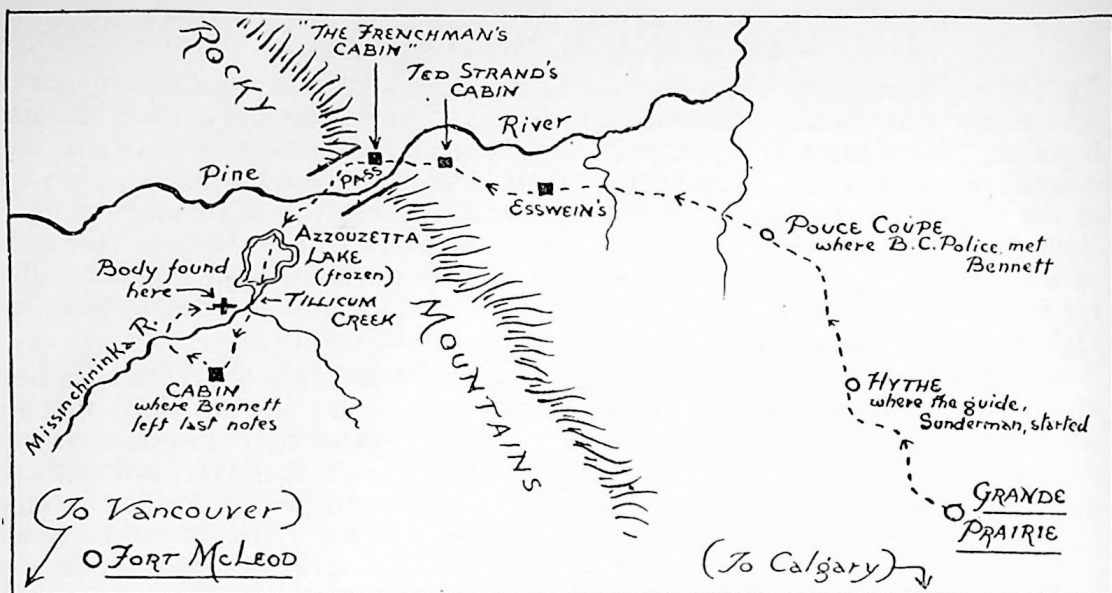
THE old country is always going to the dogs—but the mystery is that it never gets there. The ancients of every generation open their gloomy homilies, "Now in *my* young days . . .," and all the time the spirit of romance and adventure is no whit less in 1931 than it was among the amazing pioneers of the Victorian age which young 1931 comically regards as merely "stuffy." Both the Victorian ancients and the 1931 youngsters will do well to take note of such instances of foolhardy gallantry as that of John Noel Bennett. But for its very tragic ending, which brought the story into the newspapers, his high-hearted undertaking might have remained unknown.

A little over a year ago, John Bennett, who had just left Sherborne School, visited the School's Secretary at Toc H Headquarters. He explained that he wanted to see as much as he could of the world, in as adventurous a way as possible, before settling down to a job. The School's Secretary, not without much difficulty, owing to shipping and union regulations, secured him a passage to Canada as a member of the crew of a tramp steamer. And he carried in his pocket a commendation from the Overseas Office to Toc H in Canada. That was the last we heard of him at home during his lifetime.

In the autumn of last year Bennett attended his first and last Toc H meeting, as a guest of the Hillhurst Group, Calgary. He was warmly welcomed, put up by a member, General Jennings, and stayed several nights in the place. To some of the Hillhurst members he outlined his plan of trekking alone to Vancouver through the Great North Country and across the Rockies by the Peace or Pine Pass. His hearers tried to warn him of the risks he would certainly run without an experienced guide, but he set out in good heart to challenge Nature in her winter mood. Starting from Grande Prairie, 200 miles north of Calgary, he began his march among the lakes and rivers. He was dressed in khaki breeches, a white pullover, a green and white scarf and a fur hat: these details were noticed by two British Columbia policemen at Pouce Coupe, who tried to dissuade him from going further. When he reached Esswein's cabin in the middle of October he had added a pack-horse and a pair of moccasins to his equipment. Mr. Esswein, who warned him of the dangers ahead, was the last person to see him alive. The rest of the tale is told in his own handwriting, recovered long afterwards. These scraps were found by members of the search parties which began to set out in frozen December—airmen, trappers and guides—and which did not finally solve the tragic riddle until June of this year.

On October 30 John Bennett left a note in the untenanted cabin of Ted Strand: "On solo trip to McLeod. Glad to dry things after horse fell in river. Two inches of snow here and storm coming."

Two miles down the river and two days later he left a note at "The Frenchman's Cabin," addressed to the owner: "Was very grateful for a night's rest here after losing the trail in a terrific rainstorm. It is still raining and does not look very much like clearing off at present. However, I hope for the best." A week later, after crossing the Pine Pass and the frozen Azzouzetta Lake, he



left a note in another cabin : "I am very grateful for three nights' rest here during bad weather. Had a rough trip over the pass. As my provisions are very low, I took the liberty of taking some of your food—some moose meat, a little flour and some rice. I hope you won't mind. I am afraid I have no money to pay you with. . . . However, I may be able to do you a good turn some day. I proceed on my way to McLeod." He proceeded, but was driven back to this cabin several days later, as a note on the back of the same scrap of paper proves : "Have failed to get through to McLeod. Am entirely out of food. The trip is useless, so I am going back. A list of supplies taken by me is here. If you write me in care of the Imperial Bank of Canada, Vancouver, I will pay you back in full. Meanwhile, your cabin and food have just about saved my life, and I am deeply grateful. I set out to-day, back across the Pine. My finger-tips and feet are frost-bitten. I have abandoned my horse. However, I think I will make it. Sorry to have taken so much, but it is very necessary."

And then no more, until the veteran guide, Kelly Sunderman, came upon the last scene of all as the Spring snows melted and John Bennett's pack-sack gave up the sodden leaves of his private diary. On November 1, when he first reached "The Frenchman's Cabin," he knew how much he was up against. He had arrived wet through, after a day's battle against snow drifting on a cold wind. "I do sincerely thank God," he writes, "for bringing me this far—it shows I shall get through all right, so am not worrying any more." Next day he lost his horse, Betty, and his axe and gun, and spent all day in the rain recovering them. On November 3 he had reached the Missinchininka River, and thought that Fort McLeod, his goal, was about 30 miles ahead ; the day after he found he was marching in the wrong direction and turned about. On November 5 his

horse was entirely without food and fell exhausted ; he spent his own strength in getting her on to her feet again. That night and the next night he wandered, sleepless, in the pouring rain. On the 8th he lost his axe and found his supply of matches running out ; on the 9th his wet matches would no longer strike and he camped fireless. Next day he shot a duck and ate it raw—"not very appetising but nourishing." Just before dusk on November 11 he made the desperate decision to make his way back over the same tracks : "Decided to abandon horse and hit back to cabin. Ate plain flour. No fire, but not so bad though feet frozen. Terribly painful. Crossed the Missinchininka with ice floating down in bare feet." He reached the cabin and got a fire going, but was unable, he writes, to thaw his frozen fingers. On November 15 comes the last entry in the diary : "Woke up at intervals during the night and ate macaroni and milk. Had tea. Quite good as milk provides flavour. . . . Hands still frozen. Pretty painful, but can't be helped. Ought to make (*Frenchman's*) cabin over summit Monday, and then two days to next cabin (*Ted Strand's*). Three days then without crossing river until Esswein's. Got to cross river four times before next cabin."

In June the guides Sunderman and Frank Horn came down to a little clump of willows on Tillicum Creek, on the far side of the pass, and there ended an arduous search, which had lasted for seven months. They found a skeleton ravaged by wolves and the rifle which lay beside it bore the marks of wolves' teeth upon the stock. There was a little food still left, a Hudson's Bay blanket and a pack-sack containing a schoolboy's diary of hardship faced alone and undismayed. A mile away lay a lost axe and the twigs which were scattered on the ground beside the bones showed that John Bennett was still trying to make his camp fire with this poor provision when the Great North Country won its last cruel round and covered him with its snow. The searchers did not, however, return alone : they brought with them into civilisation a trapper named Nelson, whom they found lying sick of scurvy in his cabin on the Pine Pass, waiting patiently for that frozen death which John Bennett had fought to the limit of his power.

AT THE SIGN OF SAGITTARIUS

A DANGEROUS and delightful epidemic has broken out among the whole-time staff of Toc H. Its effects are apt to last for life and it shares the peculiarity of some other diseases of incapacitating the patient from work for some time but leaving him permanently improved when the crisis is over. It attacks padres and laymen without respect of persons. Padre Reevo (Birmingham) succumbed to matrimony some months ago. He has now been followed by Padre Appleton (London), who married Joyce Clarke at Axminster at the end of June. Tubby, assisted by Gilbert Williams, performed the operation which, we understand, was remarkably successful. As Mark VII said, by wire : "We rejoice *re* Joyce ; 'appiness to the Appy nest." And now comes the laymen's turn. John Mallet (Assistant to the Hon. Administrator) is engaged to Margaret Farley (All Hallows Porch Room) and communications between Francis Street and Tower Hill have never been brisker or more cordial. And then, Jolli Walker (Pilot o' Halifax)—always a dark horse—has suddenly romped home with a *fiancée*. All of which may be a disturbance to the office routine for which H.Q. is justly famous, but we can't help throwing up our hats and wishing them all the best things in life.

TWO FRAGMENTS OF RUPERT BROOKE

ON the Roll of the Lamps of Maintenance of Toc H there is one which bears this inscription :
THE RUPERT BROOKE LAMP : *In Memory of RUPERT BROOKE, Poet. Died at Scyros, 23. 4. 1915, while serving with the Royal Naval Division.* In the town whose Branch now holds that Lamp there is a famous school. Thirty years ago there worked at that school the boy whose name we thus remember, and who was later to become Elder Brother and one of the finest poets of our century. If he had lived, he would be but forty-four to-day.

He loved Rugby, and was the darling of its gods. He played games with zest, worked with enthusiasm, read strange authors, enjoyed a life full and varied and intense—and wrote poetry which already gave an inkling of what Rupert Brooke was to become. Much of this appeared in a free-lance school-paper, *The Phoenix*, which he and a certain friend named Frederick Baggallay edited together in their spare time.

School years passed, and Oxford years, and days of wandering in America and the South Seas ; and Rupert Brooke became a man. In a few short years he learned a great deal about the world and about people, for he had the gift of seeing freshness and beauty in simple things and bringing an intensity of enjoyment and enthusiasm to everyday life. And still he wrote poetry ; the vivid, tingling poetry of one whose five senses were exalted to a perfect partnership with his bounding spirit. Joyously he spoke for the finest of that lost generation which grew up with the new century and sought a new reality for it :

“ . . . Proud we were,
And laughed, that had such brave true things to say.”

He loved beauty, truth, and honour ; in short, he loved life. And then, suddenly, on a summer day of 1914, along with a million of his fellows, he was caught up into the slowly grinding wheels of a thing that was ugliness and death incarnate. The wheels of war ground him through the desolation of Belgium, and less than a year later, poisoned by mosquito-bite on an expedition in Egypt, his body was buried on the rocky, flower-fringed shore of Scyros in the Greek Isles.

And Frederick Baggallay, the one who had been his fellow-editor of that schoolday magazine of fun and ideals ten years before—what became of him ? Well, up he went to Oxford, there took orders, became priest and deacon, Chaplain to the Forces, was twice mentioned in despatches, and returned at the end of it all to the living of the charming village of Bickley in Kent. There it was that he discovered Toc H and flung himself into it heart and soul, so that to-day if you call in at the friendly Porchroom of All Hallows, you are very apt to find him.

If he had lived, would Rupert Brooke have been with us in Toc H ? Who knows ? Perhaps his spirit was too soaring and restless to harness itself to any societies, even though the glorious challenge of Toc H went singing through every minute of his short life. But at least we know that here in the middle of our ranks is one who shared his enthusiasms and ideals. And from him we have gleaned these two fragments of the young Rupert Brooke, published in 1905 in that same *Phoenix*, and unpublished since, till now, after the approved manner of that mythical bird, they rise again in the pages of the Toc H JOURNAL. Here is the young idealism, tinged with the passing pessimism of youth, which was later to mature into wisdom ; the spirit which we are pledged to take over from such men as Rupert Brooke and bear joyously forward into the new time.

Madness

THE world at the present time is suffering from too much sanity. This is the Era of the Commonplace. I use the word “sanity” in the modern sense of a respectable but dull compliance in word and deed with the majority. And he who is not thus “sane” is entitled “mad.” Of course I am

fully aware that true Sanity is far different from this. True Sanity is ultimately far greater, comprising many things, madness among others, and as unimaginable as all infinite ideas must be.

Here we get out of our depth.

Returning to dry land and safety we will examine this modern notion. Regarded calmly and from the outside, this sanity is a very poor kind of affair. Its claims are arrogant but baseless. It consists in a *reductio ad absurdum* of that ancient and invariably incorrect proverb, "Vox Populi, Vox Dei."

The properly sane man must have various qualifications. He must acknowledge Shakspeare to be the world's greatest poet. But he need not have read—or at least understood—a word of him. He must wear that abomination of ugliness, a top-hat, hunt money from morn to night, and in short—for one could quote a thousand instances—behave in every circumstance of his little unwholesome life precisely as every other "sane man" would do.

In the end his body is laid in a neat little grave in a neat little churchyard precisely as all his friends and acquaintances are or will be: and the tattered little rag that has served him for a soul flies forth to fare as it may. For its precise fate I must refer you to Rudyard Kipling's *Tomlinson*.

It is all very sane and trivial.

Yet this has not always been so. In more fortunate ages of the world madness had greater power. Think for instance how incurably mad, how preposterously devoid of "common sense" by the modern standard, were those thousands of warriors who spent, and often ended, their lives in absurd crusades to recover the Holy Land, or those courtly gentlemen who slew one another to uphold their lady's fame, or those madmen who have given up "land and riches," have died, and—more than that—have *lived* for their Religion!

The sane man, who worships only gold, thinks of these and laughs, half pitying, half despising. Yet he is wrong; and these maniacs are right. Their madness is more glorious than his sanity. They are nearer reality. They are foolish with the folly of elemental things, the folly of Nature, with her grotesque forms of plant and animal, the folly of a little child's visions, the folly of life. And this madness shall go dancing bright-eyed down the ages, when the sane man and his sane unhealthy civilisation have passed into dreams of a black past, petty unwholesome dreams.

All men who have done anything worth record have been regarded as mad. In every age the little sane men have thrown stones at the prophet. But the prophecy has always outlasted the stones, and a later generation realises that the prophet was right, and with proper indignation against its fathers picks up the stones—for use against its own prophet. And so the thing goes on.

Consider the thing from without. After all the mad man is far more logical than the sane. The fool pursues visions, the "sensible" man gold. Visions at least harm no one. Again, straws in the head are more comfortable than a top-hat, and infinitely more picturesque. Nowhere is the comparison in favour of the sane. But what avails argument? Let us, who know the better part, choose it. Let us throw off all feeble protests of sanity and revel in our folly.

ObeY the voice that tells us that the light of the sun is merry, and life good, and the world a pleasant place, meant for laughter and folly and joy. Why should we paint all things with black shadows of gloom and sanity? Nay, let sweet madness be our companion, and laughter our portion in life, till from our merri-ness we lightly turn with a smile on our lips and cheery folly in our hearts to God's last great jest, Death.

RUPERT BROOKE.

Man

TIME drew toward its ending : everywhere,
Bent with their little sorrows and old pain,
Men cried to God. I heard the sound of it
Go moaning heavenward as a smoke, and there
Fall blindly before the pitiless Infinite
And cold unheeding faces of the stars.

“ Why are our hearts so full of questionings,
Of search, and passionate dreams, and vain desire ?
Can we not live as other Life, content
With the few grey years we know, and asking not
Whence we have come, and whither shall depart ?
Why are we vexed with yearning ? surely it is
Enough for us to couch about the fire
And laugh the irretrievable years away,
Heedless of what may wait us in the gloom,
The muttering Night beyond. Yet, though we strive
So to live in the present and forget the past,
Ever the voice returning wakes again
The old insatiate yearning in our hearts,
Whispering words incomprehensible,
Eternity, Infinity, and——God.
Ah, we are tired : yet—it may be that now
Our age-long toiling draweth to its close.
For the earth is waxing old and full of sleep,
Being weary of the sins that men have wrought
And heavy with their tears. Ever she nods
Brooding upon the springs of long ago,
Dreaming sick dreams ; and wrapt in a grey mist
Slips tottering down into the silent night.
Therefore we think 'tis time that God took pity,
E'en as He said, and brought the eternal End,
Flinging the earth into the sun's white fires,
Tearing aside the worn robe of the heavens,
Quenching the light, stamping the stars to dust,
And bringing back the terrible Night that was.”

RUPERT BROOKE.

A DAY AT YARMOUTH

Some fifteen Branches and Groups of The H are at present co-operating with "The Servers of the Blind League" in the excellent work of taking city blind to the country and seaside and there giving them friendly hospitality. Here is a delightful account of one such visit to Yarmouth, written down as it was related to the President of the Social Club afterwards.

"WELL, Miss, fancy you comin' to see me wen the club's on Saturday!" "I was anxious to hear how you enjoyed yourself, Mrs. Ringwood, and there won't be time to hear all about your visit at the club meeting." "Well, Miss, o' course you 'card of our mis'ap; they told me they rote to yer abaht it. I wasn't arf frightened. It seems the people 'oo was to meet us mistook the plice; they was properly upset abaht it, foamed the pleece, in fact foamed all over the plice ter find us, and there we was at six o'clock in a strange plice an no one knew anythink abaht us.

Well, I sez to my guide, Jennie, I sez, if yer see a pleeceman, you 'oller, I'm goin' to give meself up! Just then a man comes up wot drove a 'bus or somethink; where are yer goin'? Ma, 'e sez. Gawd knows, I sez, but 'ere's the address. Orlrite 'e sez, but yer aint goin' to Yarmouth, Yarmouth is five miles from where yer going, but if yer'll wait 'ere till 8 o'clock, I'll ave done work by then and I'll drive yer along. Not me, I sez (you know 'ow frightened I am of men, Miss). I'm not goin' in a bus along of a strange man; mi't get us dahn one o' them country lanes an' pop us in a empty 'ouse and it'll be murder sure enuff an no good 'ollering neither. Fetch the pleece, I sez, an I'll give meself up. Well, 'e sez, I'll fetch the Inspector, so up 'e comes. Wot is it yer want, Ma, 'e sez, very civil like. Want, I sez, to give meself up, I sez, I ain't goin' to spend my night in the street for nobody. Well, 'e sez, yer can't give yerself inter custody, Ma, and I wouldn't like to lock yer up neither, you wait a bit an we'll get yer drove to the rite place. So after more joring we gets inter the ole bus. Keep yer eyes open, Jennie, I sez, ter see were we're goin'; we don't know nothink abaht this man, 'e may be orlright an 'e may not; an' there was me with me eyeballs fair starting out o' me 'ed to try an' see were we was goin'. After goin' a long way we stops sudden; 'Ere yer are, Ma, yer friends git dahn 'ere and you go another mile an' a 'arf further on. So Lizzie and 'er guide gits dahn. That done me 'cos I thorts we was goin to be together; 'owever, we wasn't; so I sez, Goo'bye Lizzie, gel, I sez, Gawd knows wen I shall ever see yer agin. An' we goes on another two miles good, I should think. At larst we stops; Ere yer are, Ma, 'ere's the lane, and dahn there you'll find the cottage you want. No, I sez, I'm not goin' dahn no lanes this time of night, 'ere I am and 'ere I'll stop till some one fetches me. Orlright, Ma, sez the driver, I'll take yer dahn the lane and find the 'ouse, which 'e did, and very glad I was.

There was a lovely tea ready for us, an we was ready for it, not 'arf. Everyone seemed to come an see if we was orlright after the mis'ap, and then we went to bed; but sleep I couldn't for thinkin' o' Lizzie and 'er guide, wonderin' if she'd found the rite 'ouse or if she'd been murdered in'er bed; so directly after breakfus next

mornin' I sez to Jennie, Jennie, ole gel, I sez, I carn't rest till I see if Lizzie is orlright. So off we goes a mile and a 'arf dahn them country lanes, beautiful Jennie sez they wos, and at larst we found Lizzie and 'er guide. Thank Gawd, I sez, you're orlright; I couldn't sleep for thinkin' of yer.

Yes, Miss, we 'ad a lovely time, plenty o' good food an' everyone so kind; we 'ad three motor drives, an' the Vicar eeself come an' arst us to a posh garden party on 'is lawn. They weren't arf toffs neither, an they giv us a lovely tea. No, I didn't see the sea till the day afore we come away, we wos five miles from the sea front, but barring that little mis'ap at starting we wos orlright, an' I thank yer very much, President, for gitting me that little 'oliday."

TOC H AND THE BLIND

The following inspiring article comes from an old and tried blind member of Toc H.

MAY I commence by borrowing the following from the Toc H Ceremony of Light and, with but slight alteration, focus it on my point :

"Let your light so shine before 'blind' men that they may 'share' your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

That will, I feel, have made the whole point almost clear enough to render amplification by me unnecessary.

But as regards myself—my feelings, when I first came to Toc H, I can liken only to those of a man who, after years of imprisonment behind shuttered windows, finds that the shutters were not bolted, and, like him, I feel myself foolish to have left it so long undiscovered. For years I had sought a method and means of self-expression as distinct from selfish-expression, but it was not until recently when I became associated with Toc H that I found it.

The High Walls of Blindness

Quite without wishing it, any blind person has an inclination to become self-centred owing to the "shut-in-ness" of life under the circumstances. No one to whom this experience has not come can have any real conception of what it means. I have had a bitter taste of it in the extreme : I have walked and worked to escape it, I have read to escape it, I have written to escape it, without avail.

We have, of course, our own institutions, and they are splendid, but the finest of them must, by the very nature of its specialised activity, have a distinct tendency to "herdism" (so many males : so many females), and one blind person is but a small "breakaway" for another.

In the process of Service, as in none other, one has, so to speak, opportunity for self-realisation. To give oneself wholly in the cause of Service is the surest path to the deeper joy. More joy of life, more joy in life, we all crave—"Seek ye first the Kingdom of Heaven and all these things shall be added unto you." Blind people, perhaps as much as their sighted friends, recognise this : what they chiefly lack is not ability, but opportunity. We can all do something to further the cause of humanity. If, through the medium of Toc H, we seek first to Serve, Service will of itself bring the ultimate joy for which we yearn. We

(that is to say, blind people) live not in a world apart, but in a world which convention is all too apt to set apart :

" 'Tis the same broad heaven above us. The same wide, cold, grey world before us."

As regards companionship. Blind men are not necessarily miserable companions, but in this respect sighted folk are too prone to confuse noisiness with happiness. I well remember that, during the war, people often referred to a noisy blind man as an example to the rest of us. Thank God we did not all follow it. Cheerfulness, not noisiness, is the first attribute to Christianity. One can be cheerful and philosophical about one's handicap without being a nuisance to the world at large. Blindness as an affliction exists almost entirely in the minds of the sighted.

To the ex-Serviceman it may be some consolation when "We Remember the Elder Brethren" to reflect that his sight was given in that selfsame cause and to pray that that ambitious cause may yet survive, or emerge from, the tumult of the world to-day.

Blind Service

There are many Services or "Jobs" which come the way of Toc H to which blind men are peculiarly suited, and for which their sightlessness gives them a greater aptitude. The "vision" of this will, as a natural sequence so to speak, make them blind to their own blindness.

Vision of soul is of far, far greater value in this sense than one can readily imagine.

" Eyes do not see, yet through that selfsame screen
The Soul emerges, clearer vision'd still."

" To It, undimm'd, God gave that greater light,
And unto it gave memory's control ;
Gave us the blessing of that inner sight :
Gave us the windows of the very soul."

The elderly or more unfortunate blind people may need the help of Toc H, but there again, as Milton puts it,

" They also serve who only stand and wait."

I trust that I may be forgiven for this quotation of verses "at you," but they are, to me and many blind people, the vivid pictures and the medium through which life is seen, and, in that sense, are a very real thing to us.

May I, then, make a great appeal to the sighted element of Toc H? Can we not make it a national, yes, international, Toc H endeavour—one colossal Toc H job—to bring to the knowledge of every blind man the meanings, inspirations, benefits and truths of Toc H in so far as we ourselves know and understand them? "We pass through this world but once: if there is anything I can do for my fellow men, let me do it now, let me not delay; I shall not pass this way again."

ANTHONY LAW.

OF BOOKS THERE IS NO END

VII—History

NEARLY all of us have very curious ideas about history. For most it means a few dozen strangely artificial pictures hung around the walls of our mind like an Academy Exhibition of the 'eighties. Over there is Exhibit No. 1: "Nero Fiddling While Rome Burns"—a fat gentleman in a white night-shirt, laurel-wreath slightly askew, who toys sadly with some vague musical instrument while a row of super-cinemas blaze away merrily in the distance. After that there is "King Alfred and the Cakes" (we are a little vague about the style of pastry here), while further along the wall Cromwell, in a primitive form of plus-fours, poses with outstretched arm as he declaims sternly, "Take away this bauble." Then comes a very fine study of Marie Antoinette being led to the block, but this has a tendency to get mixed up with the one of the girl Queen Victoria receiving the news of her accession, unless we are very careful. Quite soon after we emerge from the stuffy exhibition room, and, with a sigh of relief, find ourselves in the fresh air of our own times once more.

The number of the pictures may vary, but on the whole they are always more or less the same. They seem to own not the remotest connection with one another except that all their characters are in fancy-dress, and we are given no clue as to the happenings which led up to the crises they represent. Nor can we even guess what the people were like when they weren't busy fiddling, or letting cakes burn, or ordering away baubles as a diner sends an underdone steak back to the kitchen.

What is wrong with our art gallery as an expression of history? In the first place, our pictures are instantaneous, and history has never stood still for a moment. They give us as little idea of the story of the world as the awkward and artificial "stills" outside a cinema do of the life and movement and change and variety of the film shown inside. If we are to get any idea of history, we must dump our picture gallery overboard, and sit through the whole fascinating performance from prehistoric times to the present day—"palpitating, heart-stirring, glamorous, the adventurous story of man will grip you with its thrills, pathos, and glory," as the cinema poster outside might say.

So our best plan is to see the whole story through quickly *first*, and then afterwards, if we wish, we can sharpen the focus and linger over the details of time and place without losing sight of their proportion in the general scheme of things. Let books unfold the long story, and Wells' *Short History of the World* give us our first broad glimpse through time. As Mr. Wells himself says, this should be read straightforwardly through as a novel is read—a novel whose hero is all mankind. From it you will gain an idea of the whole steady and struggling course of his development, the gains, the setbacks, the hard-won liberty and prosperity, the slow freeing of man from the dragging toil and slavery to his surroundings.

First there is a little ball of fire whirling in black space; the ball cools and hardens, and boiling seas condense about its dips and hollows; tiny microscopic creatures are born and live in the warm waters; infinitely slowly they

grow and develop, become more complex, and creep out of the slime into the shadow of hot wet forests; reptiles and birds and beasts appear, fiercely coloured flowers and trees, and huge ungainly monsters like moving houses; then at last, after countless ages of change and experiment, comes Man; stooping and hairy, he lives in caves, hunting; then in wooden huts by the lakeside, with hollowed boats upon its waters; soon mud villages, towns of stone, and great cities of white marble rise up; in the far east a slow civilisation of patience and intellect silently grows; in the west men's brains take fire from their own achievements among the temples and palaces of Greece and Rome, and stretch out into the unknown of art, philosophy, and science; empires rise and flame and swing to a sunset, yet not disappearing, but leaving each behind some quality, some lesson learned, some new advance for the general stock; then comes the birth of Christianity and the Age of Faith, struggles for an ideal, misconceptions, and a Renaissance to sweep away and rebuild again; nations grow and become rich, and trade their goods about the world; man conquers the elements, builds trains and aeroplanes to carry him about his business, and great cities of steel and concrete in which to work; and then, turning from material achievements, he sets to work to educate the members of his world-wide family and raise them all equally to freedom and happiness. Such is history; so in Wells' book you will watch the ever-growing pageant of its events go striding past with the great simple rhythm of marching men.

Let us sharpen the focus to that sub-Continent which in the last five hundred years has spread the web of its methods and culture over the entire world. Our little island lies anchored off its north-west corner like a steamer standing off from a rocky shore in stormy weather. But though its coast may be dangerous for us, with difficult reefs and surf breaking over, yet whatever we may say, we are part and parcel of that Continent, its ways are our ways, and our fate is bound up with it. Let us then look at Europe.

Here I must recommend a book which I cannot advise all individuals to buy—not because its value is not great, but because twenty-five shillings is twenty-five shillings. Instead I would suggest to all places where there are corporate libraries, or study circles, or enquiring people collected together, who want to search out how things are, and how they came so, that they might lay into their stock *How Europe Grew*, by F. J. Adkins.

One of our greatest weaknesses to-day is that we judge things by the surface appearance of the moment, knowing nothing of their past, and so guessing wildly and unreasonably as to their future. If there is a revolution in South America, or a famine in China, we look upon these things as sudden visitations of heaven, spontaneously fired upon us from the blue without warning or preparation, and so we can suggest no remedy, for unreason cannot be met by logic. But if we study them carefully, we find their roots deep down in history, we watch the slowly swelling wave which at last breaks into their catastrophe, and we begin to see that there is a rhythm and causation in the past which can give us some clue as to what we may expect in the future. Most people still have the wildest and most fantastic ideas about the first causes of the Great War, and so

they find themselves unarmed with the knowledge and foresight needful to stamp out the possibility of another. To mould a fine future it is necessary to know the triumphs and failures of the past.

How Europe Grew makes us see history as an unfinished symphony, gradually working itself out with changing tempo and themes, but with a slow steady evolution from movement to movement, so that its present crescendo is but a natural development of all that has gone before. In the same way, the tune we are calling to-day will influence the course of history that comes after us. Nations are the instruments which execute the symphony, now one, now another swelling to a solo or leading the great world orchestra with its playing. The themes of the symphony are the world forces which push men and nations to achievement, and as the great motive power of European life changes from the Pax Romana to the religious faith of the Middle Ages and then to the Renaissance spirit of discovery and again to the pursuit of economic wealth and power, so one movement of the symphony closes and melts into the next.

Our European symphony is full of thrilling fiery moments of tension. Now the Moors are gathered on the plains near Tours, having swept unstemmed through all Spain and Southern France, with nothing between them and a Mohammedan Europe but the slender army of Charles Martel. But suddenly the rain comes, and their desert-bred horses slip and slither on the wet clay, and fall into confusion, so that the huge Muslim army is defeated by the little Frankish one, and Europe's fate is finally settled as Western and Christian. Now again Columbus sails out of Cadiz harbour with his three caravels into the Western Ocean in search of another world; now the Turks are before the gates of Vienna, with all Europe trembling behind; and now at last comes that dizzy hush of July, 1914, before the whole world flings itself into the welter of the War. These are the peaks of excitement in European history; in this book we learn of the conflicting forces and ideas from whose clash they spring.

And our symphony, too, is full of tiny humorous jingles and asides which make the past suddenly very real for us. How many of the most ardent supporters of Sheffield United, for example, would dare claim that Constantinople was founded by a Yorkshireman? Yet it is so.

Let us narrow the focus again for the last time on to our own island. We know its story too well for me even to drop hints here. But if any wish to see the procession of Roman governor and slave, Chaucerian reeve and pardoner, Mediæval burgess and beggar, Elizabethan pirate and courtier, all come marching past with their background of English farm and village and city, then he would do well to get Professor Trevelyan's fascinating *History of England*, and bury his nose in it as soon as may be.

History books are alive with the most exciting and adventurous of stories, and from them we learn not only of the living past, but of our own crowded present, and the unguessed future too. And after all, when we are tired of sane facts and dates, we can always turn back to the ever-delightful *1066 and All That*, and restore our balance with some of the most amusing nonsense that exists on paper.

R. G. C. S.



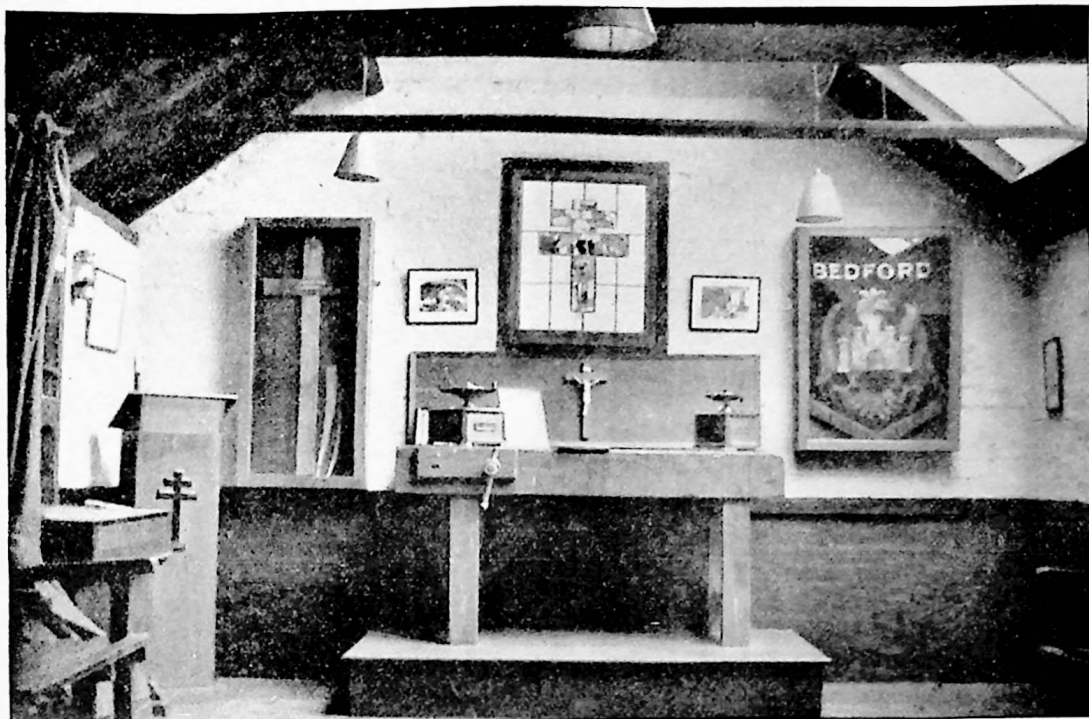
HEATHER, THE DAUGHTER OF ONE TOC H MEMBER, AND VICTOR, THE DOG OF ANOTHER.

"Oo! Mummy!" said a little girl on her first encounter with a St. Bernard, "I've just met a lion in the lane." "Darling, how can you tell such fibs. Go right upstairs and ask God to forgive you." Five minutes later the little girl returned, not a bit penitent. "It's all right, Mummy. I told God and He said 'Don't mention it, Miss Smith, I've often made the same mistake Myself.'"

By Courtesy of Fox Photos.

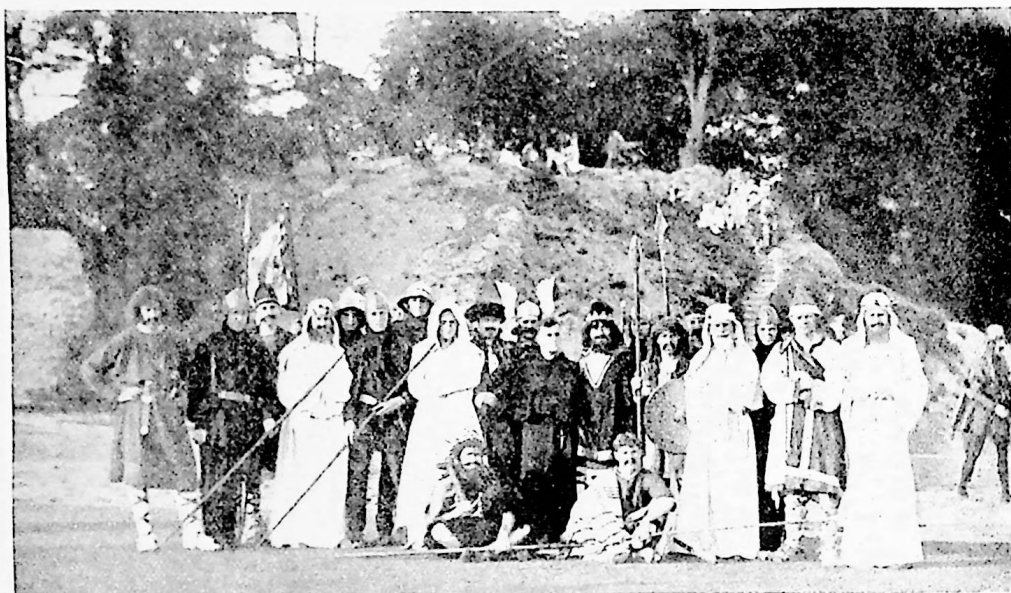


“DAVE”

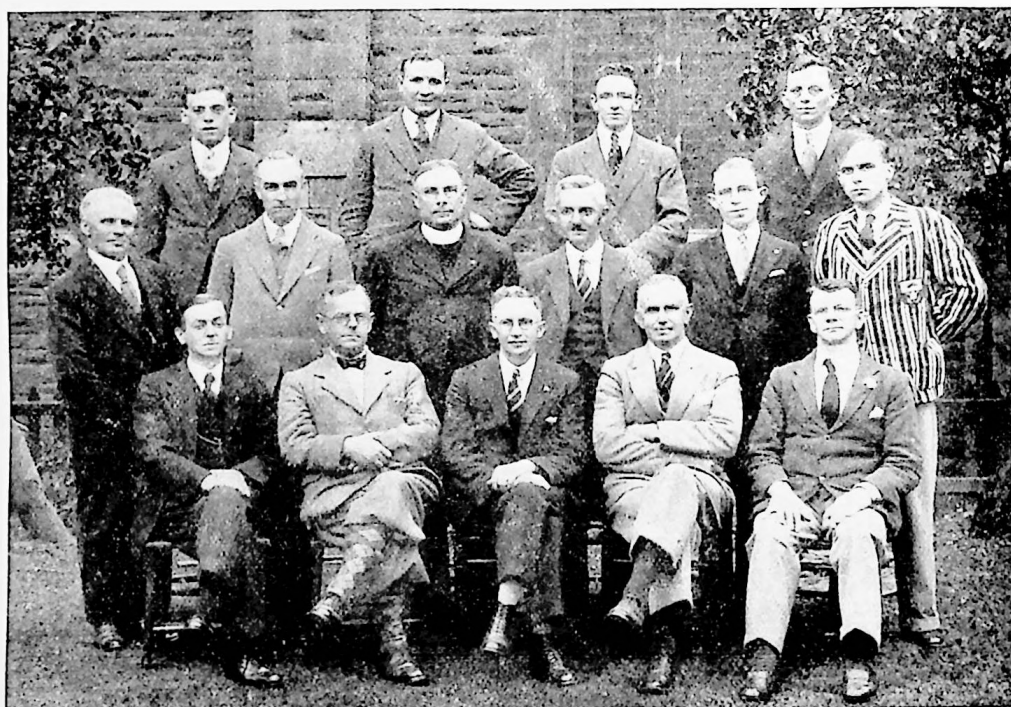


*HERE is a quiet room !
Pause for a little space ;
And in the deepening gloom,
With hands before thy face,
Pray for God's Grace.*

THE UPPER ROOM OF BEDFORD BRANCH.



BERKHAMSTED PAGEANT: Members of the Toe H Group who took part.



NORTH GLAMORGAN DISTRICT COMMITTEE

BAGPIPES AND BLOKEAGE

"BAGPIPES!" chuckled the young member, winking knowingly across at the job-master, as I opened the door noiselessly. "Yes, I've heard the bagpipes." And he settled down again to his book.

I crossed the room quietly and peered over his shoulder to see what he was reading.

"Oh!" I exclaimed, almost before he realised that a visitor had arrived. "So you have got hold of Liam O'Flaherty's *I Went to Russia*. It foretells another war, doesn't it?"

"Yes," he replied. "Have you read it?"

I hadn't, and said so; but added that I had heard a lot about it.

"Well," he queried, "what's the joke?"

"Not another war," I suggested. He agreed, then asked "Well, what is it—what is the joke?"

"There isn't one," I confessed, "unless it was the one about the bagpipes. I wonder whether people really understand bagpipes? Do you?" I shot at him.

"Well—no, I suppose not," he laughed, "but doesn't. . . ."

And then I got in *first*; and what follows is what I found myself telling him. There was really no reason for it at all, only that memory is such a queer thing

* * * *

* * * *

Bagpipes have taught me things. The *first* ones I ever heard were at Aldershot, in those eager days of 1914. And they were mournfully skirling "Flowers of the Forest," for someone had died in the Cambridge Hospital there—and the pipers were piping him Home. And then I heard them again—the pipes of the Scaforth's—*just* after the first few days of the Somme, when a company meant but twenty men.

And since then I have tried to play them. And since then I have handled them. I have handled them with reverence—just a set of pipes; a set of pipes that won fame at Loos, on September 25th, 1915, when a gas attack was the devil's own way of making men fear; when men would not have stood fast but for the pipes. Yes, that set of pipes is still in existence. At Loos they did more than skirl. They inspired men; they brought them back to sanity; urged them; chastened them; kept them bold and unafraid of gas or high explosive.

A queer thing to do—to climb to the parapet top and pipe "Blue Bonnets" till the pipes were smashed—and the piper, too. A queer thing indeed. But so were many of the things that won men V.C.s.

Yes, and Piper Daniel Laidlaw loves those pipes—chanter and drones as well. It is queer, isn't it? The ribbons of Royal Stuart—the Piper's tartan—and Leslie—the Regimental tartan—still flutter bravely on them. Fragments of those same ribbons were at Loos with him.

And Piper Laidlaw told me once, I found myself continuing, that bagpipes are like fiddles and that they must be musically saturated before they can express their soul. That was only a few months ago, when he visited the Ancient

House of Toc H at Hoddesdon. He had left us for a while to descend those creaking stairs—and then we heard him coming back ; and the pipes *were* expressing their soul—all that was in them—in “ Abide with Me,” and . . .

* * * *

“ I say,” the young member broke in, “ *how* long ago was Loos ? ”

“ Just sixteen years on the twenty-fifth of this month,” I told him.

“ Sixteen years ! ” he exclaimed. “ Why, I was only three years old then. It seems a long while ago. And he still has those same pipes ? ”

“ He has,” I answered.

“ By jove ! ” burst out the young member. “ I should like to hear them.”

“ Do you mean that ? ” I queried.

“ Of course I do,” he said.

And then I told him just what is here at the end of this third and last spasm : That there will be an opportunity of following the Pipes of Loos from Trafalgar Square to the Cenotaph on September 27th. It is proposed that on that day sons of soldiers who took part in the battle should be led by Piper Laidlaw, one of the only two living Piper V.C.s, to place a wreath on the Cenotaph in memory of past heroes and as an act of homage to their fathers. If there is any available blokeage in London on that day—well, it has most of the essentials towards the makings of a real job.

London members and others who may like to take part are invited to communicate with Roy Grant, S.C.D.C. (London), 98, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.2.

ZED.

FUTURE FESTIVALS

THE Festival Committee have met and considered very carefully the question of future Birthday and Festival arrangements.

It appeared to the Committee (a full report of whose proceedings has been sent to each Area Secretary in Great Britain) that :—

(1) The Attendance in 1931, though large, fell far short of what was anticipated at the beginning of 1930.

(2) Especially, but not only, in the Areas remote from London, there was a real demand for Area Festivals, that these satisfied a need and had a real value.

(3) Generally, the “ supply ” of Festivals appeared to be exceeding the “ demand ” and that it was important to give full consideration to the cost involved in attending Festivals.

(4) As a general rule it was preferable that—as an outdoor Festival had been found to be impossible—Festivals should be held in winter rather than in summer.

The Committee recommended, and the Central Executive have approved, the following arrangements :—

Three Kinds of Festival

As they refer to three kinds of Festival it is desirable to explain that :

(1) An “ Area Festival ” is arranged for and organised by the Area under the control of the Area Executive.

(2) A “ General ” Festival is open to all members of Toc H (so far as accommodation permits) ; it includes the lighting of new Lamps by H.R.H. the Patron and is organised under the control of the Central Executive.

(3) A "Lamp Lighting Festival" (with H.R.H. the Patron's consent) is an Area or Regional Festival, (a) at which H.R.H. the Patron attends and lights new Lamps; (b) which is limited to members in the Area or Region, to members of new Branches whose lamps are to be lit and to overseas members and (c) which is controlled by a Committee responsible to the Central Executive.

(4) A "Region" consists of two or more areas grouped together by the Central Executive for the purpose of a Regional Festival.

The Future

(1) The next General Festival will be held in London in December, 1933. During that year British Areas are requested not to hold any Area Festival.

(2) A "Lamp Lighting Festival" will be held in December, 1932, subject to H.R.H. the Patron being able to attend, at Birmingham, with the full consent and co-operation of the West Midlands Area Executive.

(3) The "Region" for the 1932 Festival will be decided later.

Overseas Members

Overseas members are naturally welcome at any Festivals. In view of the fact that more of them are at home in the summer, the Eastern Area Executive have decided to hold an Area Festival in Cambridge, during June or July, 1932, at which members from abroad will be especially welcomed.

J. M.

MULTUM IN PARVO

Our congratulations and best wishes to Lieut.-General Sir ARTHUR WAUCHOPE (Toc H Northern Ireland, at present G.O.C. Northern Ireland District) on receiving a K.C.B. and being appointed High Commissioner of Palestine.

AINSWORTH TAYLOR, who has lived and worked in Canada, is being transferred from his work as Assistant General Secretary at Headquarters to the Overseas Office.

THE STAFF CONFERENCE, attended by nearly fifty full-time officers of Toc H, was held at Queens' College, Cambridge, from August 15 to 20. Some report on the proceedings will appear in the October JOURNAL.

PAT LEONARD, after risking his neck on the Alps, acted as Chaplain to the International Rover Moot at Kandersteg, Switzerland, in August.

We regret that the WELSH DESPATCH has unavoidably been held over through lack of space. This will be printed in the October issue.

SAWBONES and Mrs. Sawbridge are on the point of another move. In the Autumn they settle down in Bristol where Sawbones will take up the duties of Area Padre for the Western Area.

Additions to the London Staff in the Autumn are R. C. THOMPSON (Thomp) and J. R. LEWIS as padres, and JOLLI WALKER (Halifax) as Area Pilot.

Secretaries' List: Additions and Alterations:
(a) *New Branch:* Congratulations to HITCHIN on gaining Branch status.

(b) *New Groups:* AYR (Scotland), FRAMLINGHAM (E. & W. Suffolk Dist., Eastern Area), HALTON R.A.F. CAMP (St. Albans Dist., Eastern Area), UDDINGTON (Scotland), WARE (E. Herts. Dist., Eastern Area).

(c) *Change of District Secretaries:* CAMBRIDGE, C. E. PICTON Warlaw, Button End, Harston, Cambs.; EAST HERTS., G. N. Beddoe, 5, Marston Road, Hoddesden, Herts.; MID-DURHAM, E. Binney, 75, Thomas Street, Craghead, Co. Durham; WEST SUSSEX, E. R. Woolgar, 4, Crabtree Lane, Lancing, Sussex.

HIGH-HEARTED HAPPINESS

"Who best

Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best.

They also serve who only stand and wait."

ONLY after he had been deprived of "that one talent which it is death to hide," his sight, was it possible for Milton to formulate this great truth for the guidance of humanity? Complete realisation of this inspired message was brought home fully to a fortunate few, in full possession of their physical faculties, who were privileged to join a party of children from the School for the Blind, Swiss Cottage, London, when they spent the day at Portobello, Pulloxhill, Beds, at the invitation of the Maida Vale (London) Branch of Toc H. Most of the youngsters were quite blind, others having only very partial use of their eyes; but the unbounded joy that found expression in their faces was a revelation hardly, if ever, to be forgotten by those who were favoured to witness it.

In perfect summer weather, radiance was everywhere. The boys and girls delighted in Nature in her most glorious guise. Grasses, buttercups, daisies, clover, dog roses were gathered; their fragrance enjoyed; fingers, gifted with the most delicate touch, examined their formation. Chicken houses were explored; nesting boxes and eggs discovered; hens (not a little nervous in the presence of so many interested friends) were stroked and petted; head, feet and wings minutely studied. Ducklings, noisily playing on a pond, were the next attraction; one was caught, and, under squeaking protest, was eagerly touched, the differences between land and water fowl quickly appreciated. An old army mare was quite content to do her job towards the day's gaiety by giving all a ride; the lady who carried the youngsters before her most of the afternoon must surely have spent an uncomfortable morning in the throes of aching muscles! Daniel, the farm spaniel, with that charm of manner which makes him such a delightful friend, submitted to an orgy of adulation. Milking time brought fresh adventures; the cows did not question the right of their visitors to invade their quiet domain.

Then there was the romping in the hayfield, the building of haycocks, the burying of the unwary, followed by strenuous efforts to remove seeds and pieces of grass which had disappeared inside vests and had lodged uncomfortably. One small girl was very anxious to take some hay back to school to an invalid friend, who, she was sure, would love to smell it. Some of the youngsters enjoyed a game of cricket, using a rubber ball containing a bell. The music of a gramophone was greatly appreciated. Later a "sing-song" showed how great a part music plays in the lives of these bright souls. A humorous interlude was provided by the astonishing powers of mimicry of a girl whose keen ear enabled her to reproduce the tone and manner of speech of many of her tutors at the School—a most popular "turn" among her fellows. Not the least pleasurable part of the day was the feasting—childhood in silence while the board groaned until lightened of its load. As a final item on the day's menu were strawberries, and the children were in agreement with Bishop Butler, when he said, "God might have created a better fruit than the strawberry, but He never did." A delightful thought sent each girl happily back to School with a small posy of roses and pinks. One girl and one boy made admirable speeches in which they expressed the gratitude of the youngsters for the joyous day.

Those who were privileged to help at such a festive gathering must feel, however, that gratitude should pass from them to the children. Barrie has well said: "How comely a thing is affliction borne cheerfully"; to the "grown-ups" this comeliness has surely never been so fully realised as it was in witnessing the joy, the happiness and the beauty of these children, and, above all, their sweet content. Any personal reference therefore to the work of these older ones would be an impertinence to those dear children, who, all unwittingly, gave them such a vision splendid of courage and braveness of heart; they had "served Him best" in their bearing of "His mild yoke."

THE OPEN HUSTINGS

“Light!”

DEAR EDITOR,

I want to reply to Tubby's article “*Light*,” in the June JOURNAL. I am very unused to answering my learned elders' words of wisdom, and so very bad at expressing myself, that you will probably miss my point (if there is any substance in it). At any rate, I'll have a try.

With regard to the Elder Brethren, there seems to be some doubt as to whom we class among them. It is the general opinion that they are those who passed on in war service, but I understand that those who sacrifice themselves in the service of humanity, civil or Services—miners, fishermen, hospital staffs, research workers—we are proud to acknowledge and remember in our beautiful and simple ceremony, as Elder Brethren. Admittedly these people do it, in a way, for their own benefit, such as you and I in our own jobs, but aren't theirs perilous enough? It would have been so easy for them to have taken up a safer vocation and left the perilous jobs to somebody else.

The third paragraph of the article leads off: “I tried to make the younger fellows see that the *Elder Brethren* lived in a continual state of wondering . . .” Isn't that a statement in support of the “general” opinion?

As regards the blokes' feelings when they gather round the Light. I make another admission. The tragic associations of the birth of Toc H, and the intimacy of them, naturally would affect our ex-Service brothers, and when Light takes place, make them remember sadly and vividly their Elder Brethren war-time chums. Thank God, Toc H was created to help our brother blokes carry their burden of bitterness and sorrow.

“But what of younger members—How can we hope that Light can be to them any more than a great tradition handed down? They cannot mourn for men they never knew.” That statement hurts us younger fellows. Are we to regard Light as not having any true

significance for us—a matter of form to stand round and keep quiet, a tradition to observe? As if one was to abuse it by breaking the silence or making fun of it, and be told, “That's not done. Traditions are observed even if one has no true feelings about them.”

Lots of us younger fellows were not so young as not to remember fathers and brothers. They're the war-time Elder Brethren. But what of those who in civil life devote themselves to serving humanity? To make the world a cleaner and better place to live in, or to do their little bit in making it go round?

We played together before starting school life, we spent our schooldays together, we started out into the whirlpool of business life together, we spent our spare time and holidays together. God wants your chum elsewhere and takes him. You often think about him, but he is not around to tell your troubles to. At Light you feel his presence—he whispers into your heart words of encouragement and cheer, and pats you on the back. Hasn't Light as much significance for us lads as for our ex-Service brothers? Maybe the parting wasn't so sudden and tragic, but there's been a parting just the same. May there not be such Toc H pals being lost almost daily in their jobs? What of Mothers?

Your article, I feel, is an advocacy of the ex-Service man's feelings round the Light and a challenge to those of us young'uns. One of my feelings as I think of Toc H is that as by God's good will a new bloke comes into Toc H, and he really is O.K. and practises the ideals of Toc H, not as a duty, but as part of himself, then the spirit of an Elder Brother enters him, and he takes the place on earth of the Elder Brother, to carry on the service to humanity of the Brother.

So long as Toc H lives, there will not be a shortage of “Souls” or blokes to receive them.

Yours sincerely,

GEO. W. FITTER,

Kentish Town.

DEAR EDITOR,

May I criticise Tubby's article on "Light"? Nothing, of course, could ring more true than his description of what the ceremony means to him. I do not follow his meaning when he says that David's "harp was stilled" and his singing "died away" through his grief for Jonathan. Surely the lament in 2 Sam. i. is as authentic as anything ascribed to David.

His explanation, too, of what Light should mean to younger men is delightful, although I wish he would not seek to add to Bunyan's symbolism. It is "to add a perfume to the violet." My real complaint, however, is about his way of looking at ex-Service men who were not in action.

Imagine an old colonel who got a job as Town Major somewhere at the back but in sound of those guns which any minute might be killing his only boy. Was this man "assisting off the stage"?

Or that merchant skipper I know who was torpedoed three times, losing most of his ship-mates—although, as it happened, he was saved himself—and has now neither medal nor pension nor even dole. Has he "suffered nothing but inconvenience"? If he is not an ex-Service man the term has no meaning. Such men knew nothing of the Upper Room, but Tubby's phrase, "*cannot reasonably be expected to have laid up any deep sacred memories whatsoever*," should never have been penned. I can think of no average man or woman in 1914-1918, who has not laid up such memories. It will never do to look upon those who were sent into the trenches (preferably in Flanders) as if they formed a sort of Inner Priesthood of our movement. The fact is—and Tubby clearly knows it—that if Toc H has a future (as I believe and pray it shall have) its inspiration must be drawn not from Poperinghe but from that spirit which had a special chance there. It did not first manifest itself there nor stop there. "There were brave men before Agamemnon." The real inspiration is from Calvary, and Poperinghe affords just one notable reflection among many from that Lonely Hill.

Yours faithfully,

FIFTY THREE.

"Let's Go On"

DEAR EDITOR,

Yesterday, at breakfast-time, I had a queer notion. So queer was it that I dashed for time-tables, 'phone numbers and lots of other queer things. And at half-past twelve I found myself on a Luton-bound train at St. Pancras. I went to see "Old Perce." Old Perce is a fruiterer. He used to be a private, one of the kind that was—and still is—always "in the soup." Yes, in '15 he did seven days' field punishment—which meant being tied to a limberwheel—at Becordel (you'll find it on the map)—simply because he was hungry. What an Esau!

You would love old Perce. He showed me some peaches—"half-a-crown for fifty at Covent Garden on Thursday—selling 'em at three-ha'pence each; half of 'em rotten already." He was sorting out rotten fruit when I called and ordered "Two bananas, and be snappy about it." And—well, you know what it is . . . "Do you remember . . . ?"

Old Perce has got Toc H badly. He never wears a tie; he never wears a badge; he never goes to meetings; he isn't in Toc H; he never has been; he never will be. But he has got Toc H badly. He wouldn't be in the soup so much if he hadn't.

Yes, he has it badly. He loves people who have lost the knack of helping themselves; loves them so much that he helps them out and then tells them that he never did anything of the kind. A queer old stick!

But he's a faithful one. Did he tell me about old Cliff Finding? Of course he did. They were both in the same shell-hole when I was on the lip of it. Ah! Old Perce learned a lot about old Cliff then. But old Perce doesn't tell many people that he used both his field dressings because old Cliff's wound was so big; and he doesn't tell the story of how he got gangrene because of it. But this won't do, unless you meet old Perce one day. I think you'll have to!

And on Sunday next I'm going to meet old Cliff at Sandy in Bedfordshire. And old Cliff doesn't know it! And when I meet old Cliff—

or soon after—I'll meet old Freddy. And the joke of it is that old Freddy is the gallant ex-lance jack who arranged the seven days' field punishment for old Perce! Of course old Perce gave me a message for old Freddy " . . . and tell him that it's all right about the seven days." Yes, I'll do that! You bet. And I'd bet anything that because old Perce has a notion that I'm going, he'll leave his rotten fruit picking and be there as well. Ah, well! Let's go on.

Yours always,

Winchmore Hill.

GEORGE.

A Leaven for Daily Bread

DEAR EDITOR,

Are we in Toc H growing just a little sentimental over the War and the Elder Brethren? Is the stark naked Reality of those days being clouded over with a semi-luminous halo of sensationalism? As I look back over my days as a grossly inefficient Company Officer in the "P.B. Infantry," I do not see either my friends, myself or the environment in which we lived as objects of sentiment.

The prevailing tone or colour of those days in my mind is a very dull, drab grey, shot with streaks of red. I do not think we talked of adventure or even of service. We just lived and toiled, were hurt and died, hoping for the dawn when the nightmare would end. It was not on sensation and excitement that we were fed, our diet was not one of sugar cakes; but we lived on the dry bread of monotony, even in the front line itself. I doubt if it could be said that "service was the ruling passion" of those who fought in the war. Love of home most certainly was. As for the "adventure of a raid at dawn," which B.T. refers to, those words are mockery to me. That adventure was a blood red streak in the grey monotony: it is still a frequent recurring nightmare.

Yet week after week, "Light" bids me remember the Elder Brethren. And week after week I think of those who made something lovely out of monotony, who took the job in hand and saw in it possibilities which we who were lesser men failed to see. They even

took death itself, the most commonplace and sordid of events, and made it beautiful. They transfigured that which was drab and in their eyes even the fatigue party became romantic. Their genius lay in lifting up and transfiguring the commonplace.

Surely we in Toc H are pledged to keep alive this spirit. Toc H is not an extra to life, a contrast to daily living. It is a leaven which takes hold of daily life as it is—dull, drab, monotonous daily life—and transfigures it with that same spirit.

It does sometimes seem to me as if there is a tendency in some people's minds to set up water-tight compartments between Toc H on the one hand, with its spirit of romance and adventure, thrill and Service, and daily life on the other hand with its round of dull, drab monotony which must be undergone.

The Master of the Upper Room took bread—common daily bread, the plain commonplace symbol of daily life, and by breaking it in love and service made it the very embodiment of Himself. In so doing He showed that even the dull grey monotony of daily life, if offered and broken in service, can become the means by which He makes contact with men.

Life both here and in the War is very like dry commonplace bread: Toc H exists, surely, to make it into something a little nobler. The leaven exists, not to go on leavening itself, but to leaven the lump.

This reads horribly like a sermon. I am sorry.

Yours in Toc H,

RONALD SINCLAIR.

Dover.

Man's Ingratitude

DEAR EDITOR,

We received our JOURNALS for August on July 31. We trust this will not occur too often.

Yours sincerely,

C. F. SMITH.

*Toc H, Mark XIX,
East Street, Leeds.*

Miscellaneous Advertisements

HOLIDAY APARTMENTS, ETC.

Spend a delightful holiday this year in North Devon. Board Residence, Bed and Breakfast. Near Sea, shops, church and in lovely country.—ROSEMOUNT, COMBMARTIN, NORTH DEVON.

BLACKPOOL.—Mrs. BANCROFT, 21, LONSDALE ROAD. Board or Apartments. Two minutes sea. Stamp Reply.

Bradda Holiday Camp. Port Erin I.O.M., for Men and Women. Situated on Sunny Bradda Head. Run by Collinson's. Send p.c. for Illustrated Booklet to R. Ainley.

VISITING YPRES? SHANNON HOTEL off Menin Gate, Brit. Owner-manager. Captain Leo Knox, late A.S.C. (Sec. Ypres Group), English food, quiet, from 5/- per day. 10 per cent. discount Toc H.

Forest of Dean, Severn-Wye Valleys.—Beautiful Holiday Home (600 ft. up). Eighty rooms, Electric light, Grounds, Billiards, dancing, lawn games, motoring, Garage. Board-Residence, 52/6 to 70/-. Illustrated Prospectus.—LITTLEDEAN HOUSE, LITTLEDEAN, Glos.

Two Gentlemen Boarders—Toc H men preferred, desired in comfortable Home. Moderate terms.—Mrs. DYDE, 121, Ellesmere Road, Dollis Hill, N.W.10.

GENERAL.

EXHIBITION

MODELS.—Locomotives, Aeroplanes, Steamers, Yachts, and the tools for making them.

INTERESTED ? ? ? YES !

Then come to the Royal Horticultural Hall, Westminster, September 3rd to 12th, 11 a.m. to 9.30 p.m. Admission 1/-. You will be pleased.

SPECIAL OFFER.

Miniature and Full Size Medals and Ribbons, Regimental and College Ties, &c., &c. 1914 Star and Bar or 1915 Star, General Service and Victory Medals (Min.), 6s. 6d., post paid. General Service and Victory Medals, 4s. 6d., post paid. Mounted on Brooch Ready to Wear. All pre-Great War War Medals (Min.), Silver 5s. 6d. each, on Brooch. Send for Price List to the Medal Specialist: H. BUCK, 23, Whyte Av., Aldershot.

The Shooting Season.—You will require a thoroughly waterproof tent and camping equipment. Remember a good tent will save you many pounds later.—Write for catalogue, post free on application to PIGGOTT, Bros. & Co., LTD., 220-226, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.2.

A Good Fountain Pen is always handy and you will find our No. 45 Lever, self filling model with gold nib iridium tipped costing 4/-, post free, a very reliable pen, also model No. 60, 6/- post free, or a present for your lady friend—stud filling model No. 12, worth a guinea, but our price only 12/6, post free. A propelling pencil, value 1/-, will be sent free with every order received prior to October 31st.—WM. CAVE & Co., 11, Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.2.

BOUQUETS.

The following letter has been received from one of our advertisers:—

Aldershot.

"Dear Sirs,

I would like to place on record how satisfied I am with the results from my advertisement in the 'Toc H Journal.' I have had orders and enquiries from places as far apart as Montreal, Bloemfontein, California and Australia, excluding those in the British Isles, and it is very surprising and gratifying especially as the advertisement had been shown for a matter of one or two insertions when I began to receive replies.

Please continue my advertisement until further notice.

Yours faithfully,

(Sgd.) H. Buck."

Naturally we were more than pleased to receive such a splendid testimony as to the pulling power of the Journal, particularly when the next day's mail brought a letter from one of our miscellaneous column advertisers stating how successful her first advertisement had been and requesting us to continue the copy.

We want these bouquets to continue, and with this object would suggest that subscribers may order goods advertised in the Journal with confidence, because every care is taken to guard our columns against the inclusion of any advertisements other than those from advertisers who can be safely recommended.

Readers of the Journal can do much to assist our development by supporting advertisers, and also, where possible, by recommending the Journal to their business associates as a good advertising medium. Rates will be sent on application to the undersigned, who will be pleased to assist advertisers in the preparation of copy or render any service that will assist in making advertisements successful.

TOC H DEPT., CAVE'S ADVERTISING SERVICE.

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENT RATES.

The charge for miscellaneous advertisements is 1/6 per line. Minimum 2 lines. Each line consists of an average of 46 letters including punctuation. Display Panels per inch 15/-. Series discount 5 per cent. for six insertions.

All miscellaneous advertisements must be prepaid and should be addressed to:—

Small Advert. Dept., Toc H Journal,
Cave's Advertising Service,
11, Great Turnstile,
High Holborn, W.C.2.

DESPATCHES OF THE MONTH

Letters from Wales and the Yorkshire Area will appear next month

From the Northern Area

YES: It is easy to denounce the JOURNAL despatches as being reminiscent of one's rural parish magazine, but when it comes to showing how the thing *should* be done, one finds oneself handicapped; one's sense of humour gone; a brain that will not work; and all those heavenly gifts that used to be one's private property utterly disappeared!

The Colonel was strafing the absent-minded one: "You're in a disgraceful condition," he said, "Report yourself to me at 10.30 to-morrow!" The reply was, "Yesh, Sir; I'll put a knot in m' hanky for fear I forget, Sir!" To please the Editor and to show we put the knot in our hanky and didn't forget, here's our report; in other words, here's the Northern Area Inventory of Kit (A.F.B. 253).

During the *last* few months the main emphasis has been put on Training. Week-end Courses have been held at Hawthorn Towers, Bensham Settlement, Blanchland, Elwick, and Rose Castle. At least three others are in the offing for Berwick-on-Tweed, Mid-Northumberland, and Loweswater. A very big gain has been realised out of these adventures. The units affected have got a new understanding of "Aims and Purpose" and a new will to study Toc H and to use the *mind*. The Rose Castle team was greatly delighted to have the Bishop of Carlisle present at two or three of its sessions. His Lordship joined in the discussions and thus made us his debtors in more than the bounty of his table.

Both the Northern Area Pilgrimages to Poperinghe were conducted during the week prior to the Crystal Palace Festival. This enabled many Pilgrims to stay in town for the big event. The report of the two parties coincides with reports from other Areas. However, it is not so simple a matter for the Northerner to go to Poperinghe. The pilgrim whose home is within easy reach of London doesn't need to miss his work on Friday and Monday, and is saved the other big expense of a long railway journey.

Consideration is being given to a scheme for Correspondence-training of young men in Jobmastery, Pilotry and Toc H Secretaryship. It is felt that if such a scheme could be worked it would be specially valuable to young units. Much inefficiency in office-holders is due not to their casualness, but to their floundering by reason of having little guidance and no technique.

The mind of the Area has been exercised over the establishment in County Durham of the Boys' Clubs—a special task given to the Northern Area by the Pilgrim Trust. The Club at Consett has been working for four months, and Lewis McCulloch (the leader) can already see the makings of a really good club. The Club Cricket Team recently played the Branch and made the Tochers bite the dust. Robert Teskey has begun building a similar Club in the City of Durham, where he has the backing of a strong Committee. At Bishop Auckland, where the third Club has been started, the great difficulty is the large number of boys anxious to come in. A disused school, excellent for Club purposes, has been secured.

In June a special conference of Toc H Prison Visitors was called by the Governor of Durham Prison, who is a keen member of Durham Branch. The Visitors (some of whom have been visiting the prison every Saturday for three years) discussed the proposals of the Tavistock Group on post-prison work and made certain recommendations to guard the good will of Toc H against abuse and to extend the help already being given to the ex-convict.

In connection with Tubby's private and informal visit to the Area in September, the Marquis of Londonderry has expressed a desire to invite to lunch some of the leading citizens of County Durham with a view to the Founder Padre enlisting the help of their leadership in the development of the Area.

It is hoped to secure a closer co-operation in County Durham between our Boys' Club Work and that of the Settlements Association, both of which have taken up special tasks consequent upon Pilgrim Trust grants.

General Development

Steady progress is being registered throughout the Area. Consett, North Shields and Sunderland were raised to Branch status at the Crystal Palace. Rushlights were recently bestowed on Cockermouth, Workington and Warrenby, and a new Group has been sanctioned at Bishop Auckland; shortly Aspatia will be recognised. Tubby paid a flying visit to Whitehaven in June and was pleased with the sturdy Group he found there.

The indefatigable Pat fulfilled a heavy programme in the Area in May. He preached at Bishopwearmouth Church, dedicated the Sunderland Lamp, and later was inducted to the perpetual presidency of the Pi-slingers' Union, which he acknowledged with the formality due to the office. Nowhere in Toc H is Pat listened to with more affection and eager attention than in Cumberland. There was a record crowd at the Carlisle Guest-night and Pat referred to the excellent quality of Toc H Cumberland. The County could have chosen an excellent Rugger XV out of the fellows present that night.

The real reason for the Administrative Padre's visit was to confer with the Branch and Group Padres. Arrangements were made in each District for him to meet them. There were good attendances of keen men who evidently were alive to the bigness of their task in the Unit. Excellent discussions ensued. We were only sorry that Pat was driven so many miles per gallon, and that his programme left little time for leisure. But the gaunt man seemed very happy. He has quite an amazing gift for remembering the name of, and facts about, Everyman.

New District Padres appointed include Gilbert Sharpe, Vicar of St. Cuthbert's, Bensham (for the Tyneside), and Charles Wright, Vicar of Dalston (for Carlisle District), where Pat's father was once incumbent. Dryden Anderson (recently appointed Tyneside District Pilot) has been elected to the seat on the Central Council rendered vacant by the resignation of "Hobbs," who has committed two crimes—(1) migrated to the South, and (2) got married.

Excellent arrangements have already been made for the Regional Birthday Festival to be held in Newcastle on December 5 and 6, 1931. For the Thanksgiving Service on the Saturday afternoon we are again to be afforded the hospitality of the Cathedral. The Old Assembly Rooms having proved to be too small for our purposes, the City Hall has been booked. The Mime, *At the Sign of the Star*, is to be given, and the speakers arranged are Padre Harold E. Hubbard and Barkis.

Mark XVIII and an Honest Bazaar

Mark XVIII is steadily maintaining its purpose, although its personnel has in recent months changed somewhat. A delightful feature of the life of the House is the Sunday Evening Play-reading Circle. Once a month, at 8.15, with feminine help from outside, the Marksmen undertake the reading of a play in the lounge. Friends are invited and a truly hospitable evening is experienced.

At the present time (and must be for the next few months) Everyman's big thought is the Bazaar to be held in February, 1932, to rid the House of debt. The organisation of this has been proceeding since the beginning of this year. Solid help has been promised from every corner of the Area.

Toc H on the Hills

The past few months have seen big development in Cumberland. This is not due to the fact that in that county we have said farewell to three of our excellent Padres, A. G. Kirby, Glen Morgan and John Palmer; but that West Cumberland has been very active in the form of an

excellent flying squad. As a consequence, Workington and Cockermouth have come on to the map and the West Cumberland Provisional District has been set up.

Penrith Group bagged August Bank Holiday—which proved to be the brightest day of summer—and held a Toc H Rally at Patterdale. The response, though not from copse and heath and cairn, was quite rousing for a first venture, and contingents gathered from Middlesbrough, Darlington, Kirkby Stephen, Kendal, Whitehaven, Cockermouth and Carlisle. A fell race was held, and when the men had sufficiently recovered breath the mountains echoed *Rogorum* and songs evidently suggested by a colossal thirst. There was a good muster of visitors, some of them not more than born that August Bank Holiday seventeen years ago. On the mountainside they listened to the old yet ever new tale of Talbot House. About 7 p.m., the crowd trekked away by car, bus, “shanks,” steamer and train, after giving a spot of thanks to Penrith for their enterprise.

District and Unit News

Up to the present Berwick-on-Tweed have been completely isolated from corporate district life. A Border Provisional District with Berwick as centre is, therefore, to be set up. The purpose of the proposed Training week-end is to encourage Berwick to extend and create new Units, taking in both sides of the Border.

Morpeth and Ashington Units are also rather remote from the Tyneside District of which they have formed a part. A Mid-Northumberland District will, therefore, be created at once, and this will extend to take in Alnwick, Rothbury, and other towns north, south and east.

Newcastle (Stepney) Group have closed down their house in Gibson Street and moved into the centre of the city with a view to becoming a *pukka* Newcastle City Branch. North Shields, who were advanced at the recent Festival, have had their Lamp dedicated at the Parish Church. The Founder Padre of their Group—A. E. Howard, of Liverpool—found it impossible to attend, but sent a stimulating greeting and charge to the new Branch.

Sunderland and Consett—newly elected Branches—are pushing ahead healthily. In connection with the dedication of their Lamp, Sunderland got out a really excellent handbook. “Scribbler” Mather, ex-Mid-Durham District Secretary, is marked out for execution this month. It is to be entirely “A Toc H Wedding”, down to blazer and bags. Fred Millington (Secretary of Redcar) recently underwent the same sentence. Having lost his head through giving away his heart, he cannot any longer be expected to be the efficient Secretary one has always found him to be.

The Rushlight of the Warrenby Group was bestowed on August 10.

The Tees-side District has suffered by two deaths. Both took place at Guisborough. Padre Berwick (Headmaster of the Grammar School) was a Foundation member of the Group and deeply interested in Toc H. The father of Eddie Cowen, Guisborough's Secretary, also passed away suddenly.

Darlington Branch adopted with very great success the idea of appointing a Bursar, whose one specific job was to get into touch with public spirited people in the community who were interested in the things Toc H was doing in Darlington and elsewhere. The Bursar appointed took his job seriously and has done it exceedingly well. This success is mentioned because Toc H is drawing on to its financial year-end, and every Unit in the Area will be anxious to more than meet the quota before the 31st of October.

The Autumn promises to be one of big development throughout the Area. Nor is the progress being experienced one of superficial character. Our fellows do not conceive Toc H as a pretty affair of Chinese lanterns in a sentimental garden entertainment. They are building gaily but seriously. They echo Tubby that “Even last year's standards won't do for 1931-2.” Someone writing to the Area the other day said, “You seem like the pup that grew up to be a lion. At any rate I hope it will be a lion and not the hee-hawing creature that once was said to have appropriated temporarily a lion's skin.” So hope we all. S. D.

From the Southern Area

JUNE 20 was a day to be remembered in the Southern Area, for it was on that day at Basingstoke that the inaugural meeting of the Area Executive took place and we began to settle down to a new and larger life as an Area. This first meeting was a really successful one and the future is full of good hopes. One of these is the hope of an Area Festival to be held in Southampton as the most central place on December 5 and 6. Provisional arrangements have already been made, and permission given for the use of some of the University College buildings and of Highfield Church.

At the Crystal Palace, Lamps were lit for Basingstoke, Newport, Southampton Dock House and Swanage, and since the last notes Rushlights have been granted to Hillsea, Milford, Milton and Eastney, Old Portsmouth, South Stoneham, and Jersey. Groping is going on at Shepton Bellinger and at Verwood. All this is much more exciting than it may sound, for one of the Area officials, while driving a member from Verwood home, felt the blood curdle in his veins as his passenger calmly warned him that at the next corner he would probably see a phantom hearse drawn by six headless horses. This sort of thing, it would seem, is common enough in the country.

Several training week-ends have been held and a further two for the Thames Valley District are to take place during October. Those already held were at Southampton, Bournemouth and Wimborne. All of them were well attended and very helpful. The Bournemouth event, indeed, was mentioned in the Press for the imposing reception given to the H.Q. speaker. The new method of rolling up the red carpet from the station platform and throwing it into the waiting car with the honoured guest was adopted to the astonishment of the large crowd.

At the Wimborne week-end a visiting member was so distressed at seeing the Toc H window boxes empty that a first-aid party had to be sent off for paint and geraniums to bring him round. In spite, or possibly because of these events, these week-ends more than achieved their objects.

The new Bournemouth District is going ahead and, by the way, the Bournemouth House is a good place to spend a holiday in. The Family there is composed of the usual Toc H Hostellers to be found in such buildings, and a number of boys who are apprenticed to various trades, the successors of the old Gordon Boys who lived there before Toc H took over the running of the House. We heard with some anxiety of the explosion at Poole and we were glad to learn that Parkstone and West Moors members of Toc H working at the factory were safe. East Dorset ran a splendid guest-night at Wimborne, when the speaker was the Rev. Basil Jellicoe, who showed the St. Pancras Housing Film and told the wonderful story of that venture.

The Channel Islands are very keen. A new Group is formed at Jersey, which is already doing great things. There was discovered there the Foundation Member who took the notes at the meeting called by Tubby to discuss the original opening of Talbot House, Poperinghe. Seven Guernsey members of Toc H and several L.W.H., together with fifty-two thousand and six hundred boxes of tomatoes, came over on the Friday evening cargo boat to the Crystal Palace Festival (not the tomatoes), as the usual morning boat was too early; and Southampton Dock House gave them a send-off on their return.

The Isle of Wight District has good hopes of an all-island Family. They have had visits recently from Pat to the District, and Paul Slessor to West Wight. In Southampton the building of the new Boys' Hostel has begun with cries of joy, and the fund has received a great gift of £2,500 from the Pilgrim Trust. The students who have been living at Mark V have now left us, as their own halls are ready for use next term. We wonder if Beaulieu is the only Group who hold their Birthday in a monastery cloister? It was as attractive and beautiful as usual this year. Portsmouth is now a District. One of the outstanding events has been the arrival of H.M.S. *Courageous* and the welcoming of the Toc H members on board, who, we hear, also had a great time in Edinburgh. Portsmouth District has a great idea in its inter-visit cricket matches, and its District Rally with Paul Slessor as speaker was a great show.

Thames Valley has a new Grope at Windsor and a Group at Marlow, and we hear of a Children's Church which, having heard of the House that Love built, has become a Builder, and receives its JOURNAL. At Reading, on June 23, Pat Leonard and Bryan Rendell received the Most Ancient Order of the Biscuit at the annual banquet of the Order. (Tickets, ninepence.) Maidenhead has what all good Scout Troops have—namely, a Toc H Log Book, with Press cuttings, photographs and drawings. We commend this notion to each and every unit as being a Great Idea. To finish with the North (and where better?), Oxford is working hard and keen on extension. They have 70 or 80 at a Guest-Night, and have had visits recently from Tubby and Canon Brady.

In conclusion, we offer this summing up of a selection of events in the Area in the hope that they will at least remind each of us what a large Area we have now become, and serve to help us to keep one another in mind.

From the Western Area

IT seems but yesterday that we were asked for our first contribution to the JOURNAL and now the cry is for more. Yet quite a number of important events have happened since March. The official opening of the Old House at Easter was attended by two of our representatives, one from Swindon Branch and one from Bristol Branch. They returned very much impressed with what they had seen.

Four fellows from this Area joined with the South-Western Area for the Poperinghe Pilgrimage week-end, July 24 to 27. The whole party numbered 18 under Padre Knock. The time at our disposal was used to the fullest extent in visiting the battlefields and cemeteries, and, not least, the Old House, where many fruitful periods were spent in prayer and meditation. Next year it is to be hoped that we shall be able to send a full complement from here.

The Gloucester District has gained one unit—Bishops Cleeve, promoted to Group status in June—and lost another by the merging of the Cheltenham Group and Branch.

Todd Thornbery gave a most interesting and instructive talk on "Wings" on July 12, and we are now trying to put words into action and set the "Wing" system in motion. Gloucestershire is essentially a county where the system should work, there being many villages scattered about, and the same thing might be said of Wiltshire.

Dursley held their first anniversary re-dedication service in July.

The Stroud District has soon got into its stride. District meetings are held at each unit in rotation. This has worked very well so far, and as the gallery is open to non-members of the Committee it affords one more opportunity of getting in touch with fellows. A District Guest-night, at which a very good number turned up, was held at Framilode early in July.

The Swindon District has gained another unit in Melksham, which was promoted in June. Several of their members were initiated at a meeting held at Chippenham. The Swindon Branch and Grope again undertook the "get-up" and sale of the Rag-Mag in aid of the local Hospital, and despite depressions, both overhead and below, exceeded previous year's takings.

The Bristol District has no increase in numbers, but hopes to have another unit before the next report. Fishponds Group held their re-dedication service, to which a large number of fellows turned up, on July 25, while a very good Guest-night was run by the Eastville Group on July 4. Mark IX and XVI continue to be filled to capacity, although the former has recently lost a few stalwarts through marriage and other misfortunes.

We are still Arca-Padre-less, but as the prospective incumbent has been seen quite a lot recently in Bristol, something must be moving. Our progress in expansion is slow, but now that the autumn is approaching we hope to get many new contacts in the untouched territory.

We have decided to hold an Area Festival at Bristol and the date provisionally fixed on is February 6, 1932. Please keep this date in your heads for the time being and then enter it in your diary when you get one.

THE FAMILY OVERSEAS

Africa

TWO African reports for this month come from places nearly a thousand miles apart. Pretoria's summer programme, in spite of the number of their members home in England on summer leave, shows a splendid variety of work and amusement, a debate on the Cinema standing side by side with a study evening on Native Welfare Work. The star performance was "The Annual Dog-Fight," on May 6, when all the various opinions of the Branch were thrown together into the boiling.

The Group at Beira report that they have been passing through a trying time, but that with diminished numbers they remain a strong little unit. In view of the local distress among the British community, they devoted £18 of the proceeds of their most successful Annual Toc H Dance to the local Distressed British Subjects' Fund, the remaining £40 going, as is usual with them, to St. Dunstons.

At Sea

Here is an extract from a letter of the Toc H captain of an oil-ship on the high seas to Tubby, which proves conclusively that Toc H is very far from standing still in the world :

"We are at sea, bound from New York to Tampico, Mexico, to load for Nynashamn, Sweden. After discharging at the last-named port we proceed, according to present orders, to Cartagena, Colombia, to load for New York.

"When in Vallo, Norway, last voyage, we had many of the village school-children aboard, and gave them cakes, bread and jam, and chocolates, allowed them to run all over the vessel, played the gramophones for them, and allowed them to listen in on our wireless to the musical programme. In the evening we entertained many of them to tea and a small dance. There were present two Custom House officers and their daughters, and they quite enjoyed themselves, while we also enjoyed having them aboard. I cleared the carpet off the deck in my sitting-room and had seven couples dancing there at the same time. The Custom House officers spoke good English, as did also one of the pilots, but their daughters did not at all. These parties were continued on the two days and two evenings that we were in the port of Vallo, officers, engineers and members of the crew making things pleasant for the little children. On one occasion there were about twenty kiddies in my sitting-room, playing "tunes" on the typewriter, writing their names on pieces of paper for me, and eating all the cakes, bread and jam, and chocolates, that we were able to produce. After the party on the last night in port, the two Custom House officers came to me in my sitting-room and had a chat. They asked the meaning of it all, and said they could not understand. They had both spent some years at sea, but had never seen children entertained and treated as they were treated aboard this vessel. Furthermore, they said that they had never been welcomed aboard a vessel as they were welcomed and treated aboard *Trontolite*. The pilot, Alf Johnsen, also voiced his opinion, and the Custom Officers afterwards wrote : 'Johannesen and I had never been together with a crew like yours before, and now we can believe there is still some good people in this world.'

"'What is it all about, what does it all mean?' asked these big Norwegian gentlemen. Their sincerity and curiosity and appreciation told me much, and instead of answering them in words, I pointed to the Toc H button in the lapel of my coat. I then said : 'That is what it all is and means,' and told them briefly the story of Toc H. They were interested, and want us to go back there. Vallo is but a small village, and about four hours' journey from Christiania, or Oslo, as it is now called.

"I did not have time to do any letter-writing in New York—the Group kept me too busy. We had a small lunch together, to discuss some Toc H business, and that same evening eight of us met for a chummy chat and a smoke. At 8 p.m. we put in a long-distance call to Saranac 1028 W, and we each said a few words to Cecil Le Mesurier, and I'm sure it cheered him."

Australia

On March 14 a Toc H Pageant was held in Melbourne with the Ceremony of Grand Light and a short play, and the Governor-General, Lord Somers, the Archbishop of Melbourne, and the Vice-President, Sir Harry Chauvel, as chief Guests.

Though the weather was the worst for months—so stormy that vessels were unable to leave harbour, many country roads were impassable with flood-water, and the passenger airship *Southern Cloud* was lost for three days—yet the whole Pageant proved a wonderful success and an inspiration for the daily life of Toc H Victoria.

South Australian units present a fascinating variety of jobs done as an example to the Branches and Groups who complain of the difficulty of service. Kadena, for example, lend a hand to help the local Benevolent Society and in this connection do some practical boot-repairing, while two members have taken on wood-cutting for an elderly woman who cannot afford to pay for such work. The Perth Cottage Homes are being painted by Norwood Group, a long job but a necessary one; clothes are collected for the local unemployed by Grange; and the newly formed unit at Thebarton devotes itself to packing materials for the Outback Relief. Unley Branch will soon be finishing the installation of wireless at the Home for Incurables at Fullarton. This big job means headphones for each bed, and brings a great joy to all the men and women within its walls.

Canada

When the Committee for the Birthday Festival of Toc H Ontario was formed, it was decided to get together as members and discuss problems important both to Toc H in Ontario and in Canada as a whole. Padre Holmes prepared a series of questions which were circulated to every dormant and operating Group in Canada. From the correspondence which he received Padre Holmes gained the feeling that all Canadian Branches were looking to Toc H Ontario for guidance, and beyond that a very interesting collection of reasoned opinions on the big problems of Toc H in the Dominion—the position of Padres, the place of jobs, the failure to bring Toc H to the Canadian born, and the problem of a Canadian Journal.

All this was a background which helped to bring the Ontario Festival of May 9 and 10 to a great and worth-while success, for these ideas were all aired and debated at the Family Conference at Hart House, University of Toronto, on Saturday afternoon. A dinner followed, and afterwards a Guest-night in Hart House Theatre, where there were songs, and reports by Branch and Group Jobmasters, and a talk by Dr. Hamilton Fyfe, the Principal of Queen's University. Sunday saw great gatherings both at the Celebration of Communion in the Park Chapel and at the Festival Service of Thanksgiving and Rededication in St. Cyprian's Church.

Prince Rupert Group, the farthest North-West unit in Canada, five hundred miles from the neighbour Branch at Vancouver, held their third annual Birthday Festival and Banquet on June 17. At the beginning, some fifteen of them used to meet in the Anglican Church Hall, but as this was not suitable to all, they gained permission to use the Daughters of Empire Hall for a dollar a month. Not yet feeling at home, they began to look round for a more comfortable place where they could be warm and more of a family. So they rented a steam-heated flat. Since then, however, they have been growing so fast, that last October they took an empty store, which now fulfils the needs of their membership of thirty-five active members.

The lively little bulletin from Edmonton, *Toc H E Don*, has made a reappearance, for publicity is still much needed in Canada, and, as it says in this issue, "some people in Alberta still imagine that Toc H is a Chinese Laundry."

India

Cawnpore made a bold bid to carry Toc H energetically into the hot season by holding an amphibious Guest-night on April 29, at the Hazari Swimming Baths. No programme was arranged, but a completely successful and enjoyable one emerged through the stimulus of cold-water. A good summer job done by the Branch is to take out nine orphans, who are left at the Girl's High School during the holidays, for car rides on summer evenings till their friends return.

Madras were able to do some solid work in July at their Toc H Scouter's Refresher Course and again at their very literal Guest-night on July 7, when the Bishop of Madras spoke on the aims and ideals of Toc H and every member and probationer was expected to bring along at least one friend to hear him.

After having declined almost to vanishing-point, Bombay Group have now recovered a steady and increasing vitality. They still have few members—seven, to be exact—but these do much work of lasting importance. First, there are the tuition classes conducted in the Robert Manly School after hours for backward boys of the High School classes; then also very constant hospital visiting, since the institution of which it is reported that patients have dwindled hugely! Finally there is a splendid job among the boys living in Chawls at Tardeo, whose number is steadily increasing, and for whom a cinema show is regularly run.

The month of June, Calcutta devoted to obtaining a first-hand knowledge of the conditions under which some other communities in Calcutta are living. This scheme, which was put up by Bobs Ford, was that the whole Branch should be split up into small Groups each with a section of Calcutta life to study. A beginning was made with the leper beggar problem, Chinatown, and the life of street boys. The latter includes visits to the various boys' clubs in Calcutta—among them the one in Ripon Square, started by the new Grope—and visits to the Remand Home and the Juvenile Court. Reports are made by each group and a meeting devoted to their consideration.

South America

It is good news to hear that Toc H has leapt another frontier, that of Uruguay. Two members from England, together with three local probationers, are well on the way to starting a Group in the capital, Montevideo.

Besides excellent and well-attended Guest-nights, Concepcion Group (Chile) have a regular job in connection with the Bernard O'Higgins Club, founded by Mr. Jackson (soon to be a member), whose idea was to give the poor boys living near the Club-rooms a place to find recreation and a little comfort that they miss in their homes. Boys under fourteen go there until 8.30, when the older ones take over. Last summer two delightful picnics were held, one on the San Pedro Lake and the other at Lengua by the seaside.

Rio now musters the fine total of forty-eight active members, fifteen probationers, and twenty absent members, who include many denominations, a German and some British-born Brazilians. Members are drawn from both the cities of Rio and Nictheroy, on either side of the beautiful bay, and in March next year it is hoped to divide into two distinct Groups, in anticipation of which separate experimental Wings are already in being.